The
COMMONWEAL

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Hard Lines in Berlin

THE BERLIN blockade may be ended when this appears, if various rumors are not altogether rumors. At any rate, the principal drama has been static for weeks, and months (June it was). That is, the contest of power and will between the Soviets and the Anglo-American-Etc. allies. The fighting power of the two sides was happily still untested, and there was no evidence that the United States and England and our friends had yet achieved a new policy and purpose and determination to withstand the rough pushing of the Communists, or to capitulate in non-resisting but possibly creative pacifism.

The Berliners themselves were interjecting a new third force into the grim match—so far physically weak, but in the mind and spirit perhaps great. Millions of them were openly and courageously committing themselves against Communism and against Russia. Their action involves the United States more deeply and inextricably in the fate of Germany and Europe than ever before. It was seen clearly Labor Day, when the Soviet Communists broke up the city government and did what the paper and radio described. Germans were tied up and jailed and beaten for going along with Americans. The next day the AP reported:

> *Der Socialdemokrat* sharply criticized the Western Powers for not giving stronger support to the anti-Communists in their fight against the Communist efforts to seize control of Berlin. It accused the Western allies of naïveté in dealing with the Russians and said they had make a mockery of the 'unflinching and unfrightened attitude' presented by non-Communist Berliners.
>
> Unless the Western Allies take a stronger stand in the 'battle for Berlin,' *Der Socialdemokrat* said, they will lose face throughout the world and especially in 'the Soviet satellite countries of Eastern Europe where anti-Communist elements are in need of encouragement.'

The lesson in this is wide and evident. The same *Putsch* furnished no less clear ones on the reverse side. The Russian-Communist-engineered break-up of the municipal government showed the Soviet Army, the minority German Communist Party (SED), and the newly constituted "police force" operating as a unit against the law and against the overwhelming popular will of the city. It was a thug effort, which can hardly be dignified by the designation of "revolutionary" or "rebellious," directed violently against every person in the way, and against, of course, constitutional government. With the Party and the Police corrupted and integrated as they are in the Soviet Communist machine, it does not appear that the uniformed Russian Army will long be necessary to handle German areas, if Allied Armies should withdraw.

This would be particularly likely if Russia were permitted to integrate the economy also of Berlin and then Germany. The economic orientation is evidently the point of the debates over the use of West German currency in Berlin. Joseph Evans, one of the American correspondents who was thrown downstairs and injured in the Berlin City Hall riots, reported:

> Like the Moscow talks of which they are an extension, these secret daily powwows of the four military governors and their advisers are concerned with the burning question of Berlin's currency. On that question hangs the future of the city and possibly of American prestige in Europe.

We don't know what the generals and diplomats are doing. Their negotiations are secret. The few individuals in position have taken the responsibility out of the hands of the people and their other leaders and representatives. There is no need debating the wisdom of that now. But we do emphasize that this makes those few men very, very responsible. Their compacts,

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secretly arrived at, and some of them likely enough to be secret for no small while, are going to be on their heads, whether jewels and diadems or skulls and cross-bones. We don't want to hear any howls and wails and highly moral apologies from them, years after the event.

More Darkness at Noon

WITH ARTHUR KOESTLER'S "Darkness at Noon" in one hand, and this week's news from Yugoslavia and Poland in the other, a man is fairly well equipped to put things together in his mind. Koestler has made it clear that a Communist Party leader, to be in good standing, can have no mind of his own. If he thinks he *has*, the Politburo begins to look his way.

Two prominent Communists, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia and Vice Premier Wladyslaw Gomulka of Poland, are presently under this scrutiny. For the past two months, since the Cominform told Tito to toe the Kremlin line or else, the rebellious Marshal has steadily been ousting suspect Communists from high posts up and down his land, and replacing them with trustworthy Communists of the Belgrade creed. The latest substitution puts Edvard Kardelj in as Minister of Foreign Affairs; this move raises the speculation that Tito may have to think of international affairs in a new perspective. With his exports of bauxite, lead, copper and industrial materials to Eastern Europe possibly cut off, Tito will find himself eventually looking west for markets. But whatever his intentions, Marshal Tito appears to be riding high and mighty in his anti-Moscow revolt. He controls a strong army, and there is no effective internal resistance to his stand.

In Poland, geographic proximity to Russia gives a slightly different twist to the rationalé of Party civil war. Whereas Marshal Tito has some hard ground between himself and the Russians, Mr. Gomulka is not so fortunate. Groomed by Moscow to spearhead Party affairs in Poland, Gomulka, it is now revealed, has for the past six months been involved in an inside fight among Polish Communists, and he has been found guilty of indiscretions. He has opposed the Kremlin's policy on socialization of the farms, he has defended Marshal Tito in his rift with the Cominform, and he has slipped into "rightist and nationalist deviation" in his conception of international Communism. Being where he is, surrounded by Russians, Mr. Gomulka could not afford to be as hardy as Marshal Tito: he accepted the Party's condemnation of his errors, accepted his dismissal as Polish party leader, and told a meeting of 800 Communists that the Party could no longer stand for "Yugoslav-like apostasies." Mr. Gomulka performed handsomely and "included himself out."

It is, to be sure, small comfort that we gather from these disturbances in the Communist world; neither Yugoslavia nor Poland seems much happier for them. But small comforts are welcome these days, and we'll take all that are coming. For one thing, as the British Foreign Office points out, since Mr. Gomulka was virtually planted in Poland in the wake of the Red Army, "if even a Slav Communist turns out to be unreliable, we can imagine what would happen in other countries —for instance, if the Communists are installed in Germany." This prospect undoubtedly warms few hearts in the Kremlin.

And in these days of international choosing-up-sides between Russia and the US, Marshal Tito is proving himself an ungrateful upstart indeed for a former Kremlin protegé, and his timing is embarrassing. Beyond that, when Mr. Gomulka of Poland takes up with the Marshal's rebellion, things are beginning to get out of hand. For the Western world, these signs presage some hope: for when we are able to gather news outside the Russian borders of Communist politics, it looks more and more as though Mr. Koestler is not alone as a disgruntled former Communist, and the week's news bears out that picture he has set forth of the hopelessness implicit in intra-Party suspicion and hate. The West can continue to take heart from such signs only if we have the patience and the political energy to show a wiser way.

The Farmer and the Housewife

THERE is something deceptively simple about the idea of cutting down government commodity supports to defeat inflation. Impelling as it is, the irony of denouncing inflation and continuing to prop up commodity prices simultaneously should not be allowed to sweep all before it.

On the immediate sector there is the very urgent problem of what to do with the impending grain surpluses, resulting from "the greatest crop in history." Congress has made things particularly difficult by having refused the funds for the Commodity Credit Corporation needed to build new storage facilities, and by having failed to approve American participation in the International Wheat Agreement, which would assure a certain guaranteed export market. The situation has been further aggravated by the decision of the administration to curtail ECA grain exports during the October-December quarter (no doubt at the behest of the Commerce Departmnt, which is expressing such concern for the undeniably hard-pressed American housewife).

In order to obtain a government loan on his produce the American farmer must present a receipt from a suitable warehouse. With storage facilities so clearly inadequate this fall, a large portion of the expected billion-bushel surplus cannot be handled in this fashion. Some of it will

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undoubtedly be used to fatten hogs beyond the 250 pounds that would otherwise be expected of them. This does not mean additional meat so much as thicker layers of porcine fat. In other words more, and supposedly cheaper, lard for both the housewife and baker. Out in St. Louis the *Post-Dispatch* has a promising suggestion. Since the big surplus is the corn crop and since it takes a year and more effectively to convert this into expanded pork and beef production, why not look into what can be done to increase the supply (and reduce the cost) of chicken. There is a big oversupply of eggs; it takes but three weeks to hatch baby chicks and only ten weeks more to nurture them to the broiler or fryer stage.

Yet all this will still leave millions of bushels of this harvest's grains unstored and unspoken for. Although food conditions have materially improved in many sectors of the globe, there is still enormous need. Moreover, this time, as contrasted with the early 1930's, a mechanism for distributing basic foodstuffs is in working operation. Who can say that some pangs of the great depression were not in part retribution for destroying food surpluses of which so many other people then stood in need? In any case the current situation would seem to call for expanding rather than cutting down American grain shipments.

For the longer term, how should the 90 percent parity system be regarded? The first answer is in the form of another question: Is it a good thing or not that the American farmer is now in a position to enjoy the products of our exalted standard of living—not only does he deserve it, but does that not have a beneficial effect on the dominant urban sectors of our economy? There is something about parity payments which parallels the protective tariffs that benefit those whose livelihood derives from manufacturing. The principle is sound. There is nothing sacrosanct about 90 percent, but all these factors must have due weight when the question of revising that percentage again comes up.

Moreover, it is the rural areas of this country that are bringing up several times the number of children per family that our American cities do. They are compensating for that critical deficiency in our urban life. And as the key importance of producing food becomes more and more apparent on "our plundered planet," the claim of the farmer to government help grows stronger and stronger. Obviously this hardly applies to the giant factory-in-the-fields in the West and Southwest, or to the type of mechanized agriculture which is rapidly taking over the Southern cotton belt. Generally, because of their arduous labor, their way of life—at least in its potentialities—and their contribution to the national wealth and well-being, the six million American farm families should continue to occupy a decidedly preferential place.

A Note on British Socialism

IN A NATIONALLY syndicated article, Mr. Walter Lippmann claimed the other day that the failure of the Marshall aid countries to form a "western union" was due principally to the recalcitrance of Mr. Attlee's government, and it must be admitted that that government has certainly failed to give inspired leadership in this matter. There are, however, considerable grounds for quarreling with Mr. Lippmann's interpretation of those facts, even if we do not join issue with him on the facts themselves.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Lippmann explains the British attitude by saying that government control is now so widespread and so rigid in Britain that any surrender of sovereignty is impossible without completely destroying the existing semi-socialized structure of Britain's national life. This also is not wholly untrue, but Mr. Lippmann's implication that this rigid control is in Mr. Attlee's government an end in itself is in our opinion quite false.

Actually, the most ideological measures of that government, such as the nationalization of the steel industry, would not be particularly difficult to fit into a western union framework. The difficulty would arise in relation to such measures as are due to the unique commercial position of Britain as a country more dependent than any other on international trade. We refer to such devices as the rigid currency controls and the equally rigid rationing of scarce supplies—devices which a conservative government would have been compelled through sheer necessity to introduce with almost the same proliferation as any labor government. It is not any fanatical devotion to state control for its own sake that makes contemporary Britain difficult to dovetail into any true federal structure. It is the fact that she is herself fighting desperately against the creeping sickness of her adverse balance of payments and endeavoring to maintain, despite that adverse balance, some semblance for her workers of a reasonable standard of life.

By the same token Mr. Lippmann's inference that Mr. Churchill's continued championing of the cause of western union is bound up with his devotion to the principles of free enterprise is also in our opinion without 100 percent validity. Mr. Churchill champions this cause because it is a cause that appeals naturally to his imagination and above all to his strong military instincts. One must also not ignore the purely tactical factor. The more Mr. Attlee defaults as designated architect-in-chief of western union, the more from purely political considerations is Churchill likely to proclaim that cause.

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Inflation's Human Aspect

H. A. Reinhold

I SUPPOSE it is regarded as a sign of old age to start to reminisce, but how can you help doing so, when confronted by the recurrence of similar or identical facts. Hardly a veteran of World War I failed, in his own mind at least, to compare the strategies, matériel and generals of the two wars. Fibber McGee always called it "The big war, you know." When something that looks like the beginning of a real, full-blown inflation comes along, you can't help being reminded of another inflation, or several others, and you make comparisons. Of course, not being native puts a man at a great disadvantage. When you speak of your apprehensions, the average native will smile indulgently and shrug his shoulders, with a tired: "Don't worry, it can't happen here," and make you feel like a fool, a tactless one at that. While the more "red-blooded" native will give you a cold stare and tell his friends that you have never learned to think as an American, despite all your citizenship papers you are an alien, perhaps disloyal and at least a Socialist.

Inflations have occurred all through history, even in the United States—notably in Revolutionary and Civil War days. France has lived through one drawn-out inflation ever since World War I. It was, until now, a sort of gentle, slow process in Hungary (twice), Austria (twice), Germany (twice), Russia (thrice), and the Balkan countries. Only now has France reached the stage of catastrophic inflation, not as bad as Chiang's China—to stay within reasonable truth—but bad enough.

The inflation which I really *experienced* was the German inflation of 1919 to 1923. I am not an economist, luckily so, because then I should probably get so entangled in the mechanics of it that writer and reader would be completely confused. Let me therefore present a layman's description of what happened. Since it involves tremendous problems of public morals, civic confidence and social justice, I think I can as a priest justify talking on this supposedly extraneous matter.

World War I had cost Germany, whose assets in 1914 were estimated to be about 200 billion marks, around 157 billions. If I remember correctly, about 60 billions out of this was covered by bonds to be serviced and retired. As compared with 1914, Germany was a pauper among nations, disorganized and torn by interior dissensions. We know now that the "managed revolution" of 1918 was only a front drawn up for the victors and the naïve democrats and Socialists of the country. The emperor and his colleagues, in an industrial society figureheads or at best national symbols, were gone, but the same forces that ran the emperor's government invisibly and irresponsibly now ran, more subtly, the democratic Republic as well. The statesmen and politicians had to do the dirty work: sign the peace treaty of Versailles and carry out its provisions—under a barrage of abuse, calumny and murders. They also had to clean up the mess, left behind by the former government.

I personally think that this task, more than any other, killed the republic. The condition of destitution, odious laws, social unrest and general defeat—all hard for a proud nation to bear—were by common estimation the result of democracy, of a government in the hands of Socialists, Jews and Catholics. I don't say that the politicians and statesmen springing from these groups were great men equal to their task, or tragic figures, because if they had not been mediocre they would have been able to rally behind them the truly democratic forces, to educate the wavering and to rid themselves of the influence of the wire-pullers. All this was symbolized by the inflation of the German currency. The German word for currency is borrowed from the Italian language. "Valuta" was the word that dominated life for four long, miserable and dreary years.

The pre-war equivalent of the German mark had been about an American quarter or an English shilling. However, its buying power was then much greater than it is now. The exchange paid for German valuta in 1914 was stable. An American dollar cost 4.20 German marks. From 1914 on the mark started its way downward, first very slowly and then a little faster, until in 1922 you began to pay first hundreds, then thousands, finally: billions of marks for one single dollar.

I have always been a traveler and there is nothing like going out from an inflated-currency country for finding out how low your own money is. In 1922 I took a trip to the Dutch East Indies, Greece and Spain. In October, 1922, I had acquired Dutch guilders for this trip, about 40 or 50. In pre-war currency this was about 80 to 100 German marks. At the time it was a few hundred marks. The company with whom I sailed

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had arranged, as a special favor, that I should do some clerical work, live with the officers and pay my board after my return. The result was curious. By being very careful abroad, the whole Java trip cost me about thirty-five guilders. The remaining five guilders were enough to pay for room and board for four months in officers quarters—because the five guilders Dutch currency, bought in Hamburg in October, 1922, for about a hundred marks, were now worth in German "valuta," that is, in February, 1923, thousands of marks.

The following summer I traveled from Hamburg to the Catholic International Youth Meeting at Freiburg, presided over by Marc Sanguier; there I met Dietrich von Hildebrand, and we both went to Ulm to participate in some remarkable meetings of Catholic college men, to hear Abbot Herwegen, Father Przywara, Karl Adam and Romano Guardini. Thence I proceeded to Munich to see the Hildebrand's. On the way home I invited an old friend of my mother's, the widow of an Austrian general, to be my guest on the first-class train. All through the trip I ate well, rode in taxis, stayed at good hotels, and entertained friends. It sounds fantastic; but I did all this on five (not six and not fifty) American dollar bills, which I changed into inflated marks. I remember that I got the best rate in Munich from a taxi driver who offered to give me ten percent more than the bank I was driving to.

The old friend of my mother's went to a shoe store in Hamburg in August, 1923, to buy some good-quality high shoes, as she felt that Austrian exchange was only half as far down as the German mark. The pair cost her 18,000 marks before they were wrapped—the price of a nice five-room suburban house in normal years. While the clerk was wrapping them, the manager called: "Hold all sales, we are getting the new dollar rates over the phone." The store was as still as a church at the Consecration. Then came the day's financial gospel over the phone: the dollar is up 100 percent. "Want me to unwrap them, madam? They're now 36,000 marks." "They'll be 72,000 tomorrow," the old lady said, "I'll take them." And then, with a sly wink at me, "They are still dirt cheap in Austrian money."

A few weeks later I witnessed the following scene in a lawyer's office: a well-to-do family was paying off the mortgage on their smart, large and beautiful house. The owners of the mortgage were an elderly couple who had carefully invested hundreds of thousands in good real estate. In this case the sum was around 80,000 marks—before 1914 a large fortune for anybody, enough to give you a comfortable life, with a loge at the opera, a winter trip to Italy and a summer vacation at the seaside, plus a nice, well-run home in smart Harvestehude, Hamburg's Grosse Pointe or Lake Forest. The old man took up his cash and sadly remarked: "What am I and my wife to do now? This would not pay for a taxi to go home." He spoke the truth. The houses of rich elderly couples, of widows, on all the smartest streets stood empty or were sold to the black marketeers. All life insurance policies, mortgages, war bonds, savings accounts, industrial stocks and bonds were gone. If you weren't young and smart enough to keep your eye on the foreign exchange quotations or if you had no real estate, no factory, no farm, no jewels or valuable works of art, you were poor, even if you were at the top of the social register. Working men and salaried people drew their pay every day and bought all they could on the way home, because tomorrow things would cost twice as much. After a futile start to keep postage stamps geared to the mad tumble of the money, you finally had to take your mail to the window, where a cranky and tired clerk wrote the amount paid on the letter and initialed and stamped it.

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And then, all of a sudden, the miracle happened in October, 1923. (That was also the month when Hitler got ready for his abortive Putsch in Munich.) Mr. Helfferich, who had run the war-loan campaigns and—who else but—versatile Hjalmar Schacht gave us a new stable currency. And all seemed fine! Look what had happened: the whole war debt was gone. No life insurance company had any worries. The farmers were all out of debt. It was a nice clean start from scratch.

There were only two things that began to worry everyone: where were those conservative, substantial, reliable and worthy people who had had a fortune to live on? In the poorhouse, supported by emergency welfare funds, in the basements and attics of their own mansions or in pawn and jewelers' shops selling their rings, bracelets and tiaras. And they weren't so nice any more. With their security, their kindness, generosity and often smugness had given way to unthinking bitterness, despair and hatred. Some bore it in dignity and charity. Hardly any of them turned Communist. But a lot of them began to listen to Hitler when he emerged from obscurity at the beginning of the depression. There was a new, bourgeois "revolutionary" class, respectable citizens, not proletarians, who had nothing to lose by a "revolution" of decent people. That was feature one that was a bit disquieting. But as a boom based on foreign loans set in and a few belated insurance and welfare adjustments were made at public expense, the oldsters and their families were soon forgotten, together with all the swindle, profiteering and injustice.

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All of it was written off as liquidation of the war. At least that seems to have been the reaction of the general public.

There was only one more disquieting thing. Something that made you wonder. For four years the average man had believed that the mark was going down in an endless spiral because of the machinations of the victors, the Versailles treaty, the incompetence of the republican government and that mysterious unknown factor which seems to shroud all finance in almost supernatural mystery. Nothing could be done, it seemed. Nobody could stop the inflation. "No more inflation" would have sounded as silly as if a Japanese in 1923, after the Tokio earthquake, had proclaimed a new government program of "no more earthquakes."

But when it did stop—when all the debts were wiped out—that sounded fishy. Look a little closer and it will sound fishier still. The respectable matron mark, the marrow of honesty of German economy, had ended as a lost slut in the gutter, at the rate of four trillion two hundred billion marks for one American dollar. You had to be old enough to remember 1914 and you had to write this figure out: 4,200,000,000,000 marks in one dollar now, October, 1923. By decree of our high financiers. But it looks awfully familiar. Take out an old arithmetic book and there you find that exactly nine years ago you could buy an American dollar for 4.20 marks. Take off eight zeros and you have the same sum. You could do the same thing with an English pound or a Swedish kroner or a Dutch guilder.

Then the unorthodox mind began to make conclusions which, of course, professional financiers will call naïve, ignorant and vicious. But the man in the street began to say, what an Italian barber on the Piazza dei Terni in Rome said to me: "The Germans are rogues!" The man in the street said: "Look, you could not defend the mark from inflation when my savings, my insurance, my mortgage melted away a year ago. But you can stop it with a sudden jerk of the arm when its value is less than the dirty piece of paper it is printed on and when it has reached exactly a trillionth, to the penny, of its former value. If you can explain this to me decently, do so, but if not, permit me, to think that somebody, somewhere, is a dirty crook." All through the nineteenth century man had learned to believe in money. It had been something as objective as rocks, rain, wheat, cattle and houses. Now it looked like a schemer's device. Who was this mysterious schemer? We know Hitler's answer. We know what the Communists say. Some remember what the radio priest said about it.

How much it affected all realms of life is illustrated by the following: Early in the game someone sued an insurance company, if I remember well, demanding his payments in stable marks, based on the gold value the mark had had when he had laboriously paid his instalments over many years. The case was carried through all the courts until it reached the Supreme Court, or Reich Court, in Leipzig. The worthy justices rejected the man's claim and declared that a mark was a mark was a mark. . . . I don't remember their reasoning and whether there was a dissenting opinion, but I do remember that some business men and bankers I knew thought this was an immoral but perfectly legal verdict. When the inflated mark was exchanged against the new mark, in symbols when "M" was exchanged for "RM," you paid exactly one billion M for an RM—but the price index was the 1,247 billions. Wages and salaries did not allow for the discrepancy; no wages and salaries were paid on a gold basis. There was quite a scandal in the papers when somebody insinuated that the President of the Reich and Cabinet Ministers did receive their salaries on a gold basis.

To Americans the whole deal seemed a kind of a joke and they saw Germans carrying their money in valises or carting the price of a steak on a pick-up truck. It also seemed to look somehow crooked. But, after all, the Germans had lost the war. Some people thought it was a smart way to liquidate a war debt. Well, it *was* smart, but the word *smart* has a few archaic connotations which are not exactly complimentary.

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As I reminisce I hear over the radio that General Motors is living up to its famous new contract with the United Auto Workers. Wages are adjusted quarterly to the rising cost of living. Will we see the day when the "quarterly" will be replaced by "monthly," or by "weekly," or by "daily"? This arrangement, in its justice to the workers, betrays the same tendency as similar arrangements in other countries—to let the currency go for what it is—a tool. In whose hands?

I became very thoughtful one evening in April, 1946. Around the dinner table sat two presidents of large industrial corporations, several economists from a great university, several corporation lawyers and a few outsiders like myself. The discussion was on the complete breakdown of American morale, constitutional life, education and what-not. Roosevelt was seen as the incarnation of the upsurge of an un-American plebeianism which raised personal government over law and had sucked the sterling qualities out of the American character. Since the great and powerful were speaking I kept quiet. The words "liar," demagogue, traitor, flew like so many sparks through the otherwise dispassionate and cool discussion. And then suddenly the great and powerful president of a company that grew to a hun-

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dred times its own size through gigantic war contracts and was hailed as patriotic for its achievements said in a very casual and quiet way: "There is no other way out: we have to repudiate our war debt." I quote word for word. Then somebody said: "Do you mean the German way, by inflation?" I think that was a very crude, tactless and unwise question. It was followed by an embarrassing silence until somebody referred to the funny story of how F.D.R. settled the discount, I think, on an imaginary figure while he was having breakfast in bed, "because it is a nice, round figure" (which is no verbal quotation). This brought the old cheer back and a good topic for discussion: the immoral New Deal and its creator, F.D.R.

How those inflations in Europe could happen, with political parties operating, committees of the Reichstag sitting, and people free to speak their minds, I don't know. It belongs to the same kind of unexplained mystery as free and decent people voting themselves into the hands of a notorious butcher and crook and 1932 and 1933 in Germany. But there are very grave moral issues involved and an inflation is a tremendous upheaval of society and the mother of revolutions. As a pastor I don't like to see the building fund of my parish has built up over the years dwindle to insignificance through financial mechanics that act like sunshine on a snow man, especially when we don't yet have enough to spend in one reckless and desperate spree for something real like a church, a school or a new rectory.

I don't think the politicians in 1923 connived in a sinister scheme. Most of them had no idea of what caused inflation, nor did they realize that it was perhaps manipulated and could be stopped. Besides, rationing and war controls had just been lifted and stopping inflation meant new controls and all the hateful things entailed. Retiring war debts meant high taxes and no government wants to make itself unpopular. Between the alternative of regimentation, bureaucratic government and high taxes on one side and the ruining of what was after all a small sector of the population—oldsters who will die soon—plus deterioration of the sense of justice, recognition of contract obligations and some other finer things, they chose the latter. They could not possibly foresee what the Hitler's and Hugenberg's would make out of it.

Very crudely stated: if inflation can be controlled, all inflation is a breach of promise and an abuse of confidence, a means no end can justify. We all are a little engaged in this betrayal, if only dimly conscious of it. While a rich and healthy country does not have to fear a catastrophe of the Chinese, Hungarian or German kind, any inflation is a moral disaster. Measles killed Indians because they had not been immunized by generations of forebears stricken by this white man's illness. But measles is still a dangerous disease even for us white people. Inflation has killed off other countries. Are we sure whether we are in the place of the immune whites or that of the sturdy, but susceptible Indians?

The Sweet Savor of Liberty

*Thomas Merton**

THE MONASTERY is a school—a school in which we learn from God how to be happy. Our happiness consists in sharing the happiness of God, the perfection of His unlimited freedom, the perfection of His love.

What has to be healed in us is our true nature, made in the likeness of God. What we have to learn is love. The healing and the learning are the same thing, for at the very core of our essence we are constituted in God's likeness by our freedom, and the exercise of that freedom is nothing else but the exercise of disinterested love —the love of God for His own sake, because He is God.

The beginning of love is truth, and before He will give us His love, God must cleanse our souls of the lies that are in them. And the most effective way of detaching us from ourselves is to make us detest ourselves as we have made ourselves by sin, in order that we may love Him reflected in our souls as He has re-made them by His love.

That is the meaning of the contemplative life, and the sense of all the apparently meaningless little rules and observances and fasts and obediences and penances and humiliations and labors that go to make up the routine of existence in a contemplative monastery: they all serve to remind us of what we are and Who God is—that we may get sick of the sight of ourselves and turn to Him: and in the end, we will find Him in ourselves, in our own purified natures which have

* A selection from "The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton, to be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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become the mirror of His tremendous Goodness and of His endless love. . . .

So Brother Matthew locked the gate behind me and I was enclosed in the four walls of my new freedom.

And it was appropriate that the beginning of freedom should be as it was. For I entered a garden that was dead and stripped and bare. The flowers that had been there last April were all gone. The sun was hidden behind low clouds and an icy wind was blowing over the grey grass and the concrete walks.

In a sense my freedom had already begun, for I minded none of these things. I did not come to Gethsemani for the flowers, or for the climate —although I admit that the Kentucky winters were a disappointment. Still, I had not had time to plan on any kind of a climate. I had been too busy with the crucially important problem of finding out God's will. And that problem was still not entirely settled.

There still remained the final answer: would I be accepted into this monastery? Would they take me into the novitiate, to become a Cistercian?

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Father Joachim, the guest master, came out the door of the monastery and crossed the garden with his hands under his scapular and his eyes fixed on the cement walk. He only raised them when he was near me and then he grinned.

"Oh, it's you," he said. I suppose he had been doing some praying for me too.

I did not give him a chance to ask if I had come to stay. I said: "Yes, Father, this time I want to be a novice—if I can."

He just smiled. We went into the house. The place seemed very empty. I put the suitcase down in the room that had been assigned to me, and hastened to the church.

If I expected any grand welcome from Christ and His angels, I did not get it—not in the sensible order. The huge nave was like a tomb, and the building was as cold as ice. However, I did not mind. Nor was I upset by the fact that nothing special came into my head in the way of a prayer. I just knelt there more or less dumb, and listened to the saw down at the sawmill fill the air with long and strident complaints and the sound of labor.

That evening at supper I found that there was another postulant—an ancient, toothless, grey-haired man hunched up in a huge sweater. He was a farmer from the neighborhood who had lived in the shadow of the abbey for years and had finally made up his mind to enter it as a lay brother. However, he did not stay.

The next day I found out there was still a third postulant. He arrived that morning. He was a fat bewildered youth from Buffalo. Like myself, he was applying for the choir. Father Joachim put the two of us to work together washing dishes and waxing floors, in silence. We were both absorbed in our own many thoughts, and I dare say he was no more tempted to start a conversation than I was.

In fact every minute of the day I was secretly congratulating myself that conversations were over and done with—provided always I was accepted.

I could not be quite sure whether someone would call me and tell me to go down for an interview with the Father Abbot, or whether I was expected to go down to him on my own initiative, but that part of the problem was settled for me towards the end of the morning work.

I went back to my room and started puzzling my head over the copy of the *Spiritual Directory* that Father Joachim had brought me. Instead of settling down quietly and reading the chapter that directly concerned me, the one that said what postulants were supposed to do while they were waiting in the Guest House, I started leafing through the two thin volumes to see if I could not discover something absolutely clear and definite as to what the Cistercian vocation was all about.

It is easy enough to say, "Trappists are called to lead lives of prayer and penance," because after all there is a sense in which everybody is called to lead that kind of a life. It is also easy enough to say that Cistercians are called to devote themselves entirely to contemplation without any regard for the works of the active life: but that does not say anything precise about the object of our life and it certainly does not distinguish the Trappists from any of the other so-called "contemplative Orders." Then the question always arises: "What do you mean by contemplation, anyway?"

From the *Spiritual Directory* I learned that "the Holy Mass, the Divine Office, Prayer and pious reading which form the exercises of the contemplative life occupy the major part of our day."

It was a frigid and unsatisfying sentence. The phrase "pious reading" was a gloomy one, and somehow the thought that the contemplative life was something that was divided up into "exercises" was of a sort that would have ordinarily depressed me. But I think I had come to the monastery fully resigned to the prospect of meeting that kind of language for the rest of my life. In fact, it is a good thing that I was resigned to it, for it is one of the tiresome minor details of all religious life today, that one must receive a large proportion of spiritual nourishment dished up in the unseasoned jargon of transliterated French.

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I had no way of saying what the contemplative life meant to me then. But it seemed to me that it should mean something more than spending so many hours a day in a church and so many more hours somewhere else, without having to go to the bother of preaching sermons or teaching school or writing books or visiting the sick.

A few lines further on in the *Directory* there were some cautious words about mystical contemplation which, I was told, was "not required" but which God sometimes "vouchsafed." That word "vouchsafe!" It almost sounded as if the grace came to you dressed up in a crinoline. In fact, to my way of interpreting it, when a spiritual book tells you that "infused contemplation is sometimes vouchsafed" the idea you are supposed to get is this: "infused contemplation is all right for the saints, but as for *you*: hands off!" The original French of the *Directory* is not so icy as the translation, and the book goes on to add that monks can ask God for these graces, if they do so with a right intention, and that the Cistercian life should normally be a perfect preparation for them. In fact, the French edition also adds that the Cistercian has the *duty* of leading the kind of life that would dispose him for mystical prayer.

And yet I was left with the impression that contemplation in a Trappist monastery was liable to be pretty much *secundum quid* and that if I had a secret desire for what the lingo of the pious manuals would call the "summits" I had better be cautious about the way I manifested it. Under other circumstances the situation might have disturbed me: but now it did not bother me at all. After all, it was largely a theoretical question anyway. All that I needed to worry about was to do God's will, to enter the monastery if I were allowed to do so, and take things as I found them, and if God wanted to do any of this "vouchsafing" He could go ahead and "vouchsafe." And all the other details would take care of themselves.

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As I was laying aside the *Directory* to take up another small volume of pidgin English, someone knocked on the door.

It was a monk I had not seen before, a rather burly man with white hair and an extremely firm jaw, who introduced himself as the Master of Novices. I took another look at the determination in that jaw and said to myself: "I bet he doesn't take any nonsense from novices, either."

But as soon as he started to talk I found that Father Master was full of a most impressive simplicity and gentleness and kindness and we began to get along together very well from that hour. He was not a man that stood on ceremony and he would have nothing to do with the notorious technique of elaborately staged humiliations which have given La Trappe a bad name in the past. By those standards he should have walked into the room and slammed the door with an insult and then asked me if I were entering the monastery in order to get away from the police.

But he just sat down and said: "Does the silence scare you?"

I almost fell over myself in my eagerness to assure him that the silence not only did not scare me but that I was entranced with it and already felt myself to be in heaven.

"Aren't you cold in here?" he asked. "Why don't you shut the window? Is that sweater warm enough?"

I assured him with consummate bravery that I was as warm as toast but he made me shut the window anyway.

Of course, what had happened was that Brother Fabian, who worked in the Guest House that year, had been feeding me with horror stories about how cold it was when you got up in the morning and went creeping down to choir with your knees knocking together and your teeth chattering so loud that you could hardly hear the prayers. So I was trying to get myself in trim for the ordeal by sitting with the windows open, without a coat on.

"Have you ever learned any Latin?" asked Father Master. I told him all about Plautus and Tacitus. He seemed satisfied.

After that we talked about many other things. Could I sing? Did I speak French? What made me want to become a Cistercian? Had I ever read anything about the Order? Had I ever read the *Life of Saint Bernard* by Dom Ailbe Luddy?—and a lot of other things like that.

It was such a pleasant conversation that I was getting to be more and more unwilling to unload the big shadowy burden that still rested on my conscience, and tell this good Trappist all the things about my life before my conversion that had once made me think I could not possibly have a vocation to the priesthood. However, I finally did so in a few sentences.

"How long is it since you were baptized?" said Father Master.

"Three years, Father."

He did not seem to be disturbed. He just said that he liked the way I had told him all that there was to be told, and that he would consult Father Abbot about it. And that was all.

I was still half expecting to be called down for a cross-examination by the First Superior, but that never came. The Fat Boy from Buffalo and I waxed floors for the next couple of days, and went down to church and knelt at the benches in front of Saint Joseph's altar while the monks chanted the Office, and then came back to the Guest House to eat our scrambled eggs and cheese and milk. At what Brother Fabian would have

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described as our "last meal," he slipped us each a bar of Nestle's chocolate, and afterwards whispered to me:

"Tom, I think you are going to be very disappointed with what you see on the table when you go into the refectory this evening. . . ."

That evening? It was the Feast of Saint Lucy and a Saturday. I went back to the room and nibbled on the chocolate and copied out a poem I had just written by way of a farewell to Bob Lax and Mark Van Doren. Father Joachim came in and hid his face behind his hands to laugh when I told him what I was doing.

"A *poem?*" he said, and hastened out of the room.

He had come to get me to wax the floors some more, so presently the Fat Boy from Buffalo and I were on our knees again in the hall, but not for very long. Father Master came up the stairs and told us to get our things together and follow him.

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So we put on our coats and got our bags and started downstairs, leaving Father Joachim to finish waxing the floor by himself.

The noise of our footsteps resounded in the great stair-well. Down at the bottom of the flight, by the door, under the sign that said "God Alone" there were half a dozen local farmers standing around with their hats in their hands. They were waiting to go to confession. It was a kind of an anonymous, abstract delegation bidding us farewell in the name of civil society. As I passed one of them, a solemn polite old man with a four days' growth of beard, I suddenly got a somewhat melodramatic impulse and leaned over towards him whispering:

"Pray for me."

He nodded gravely that he was willing to do that, and the door closed behind us leaving me with the sense that my last act as a layman in the world still smacked of the old Thomas Merton who had gone around showing off all over two different continents.

The next minute we were kneeling by the desk of the man who had absolute temporal and spiritual authority over the monastery and everybody in it. This priest, who had been a Trappist for nearly fifty years, looked much younger than he was because he was so full of life and nervous energy. They had been fifty years of hard work which, far from wearing him out, had only seemed to sharpen and intensify his vitality.

Dom Frederic was deep in a pile of letters which covered the desk before him, along with a mountain of other papers and documents. Yet you could see that this tremendous volume of work did not succeed in submerging him. He had it all under control. Since I have been in the monastery I have often had occasion to wonder by what miracle he managed to *keep* all that under control. But he did.

In any case, that day Father Abbot turned to us with just as much ease and facility as if he had nothing else whatever to do but to give the first words of advice to two postulants leaving the world to become Trappists.

"Each one of you," he said, "will make the community either better or worse. Everything you do will have an influence upon others. It can be a good influence or a bad one. It all depends on you. Our Lord will never refuse you grace. . . ."

I forgot whether he quoted Father Faber, Reverend Father liked to quote Father Faber, and after all it would be extraordinary if he failed to do so on that day. But I have forgotten.

We kissed his ring as he blessed us both, and went out again. His parting shaft had been that we should be joyful but not dissipated, and that the Names of Jesus and Mary should always be on our lips.

At the other end of the long dark hall we went into a room where three monks were sitting at typewriters, and we handed over our fountain pens and wristwatches and our loose cash to the Treasurer, and signed documents promising that if we left the monastery we would not sue for back wages for our hours of manual labor.

And then we passed through the door into the cloister.

Now I began to see the part of the monastery I had never seen. . . .

Hunter's Moon: Nemasket

Too wide for immediate words
That wonder fell, not altogether
Hopeful now, too often hunted,
But not without hope, being itself a hunter
Still surest in the unguided light.

The harvest was over. The Cranberry Dollar
Safe in the till. Even the stranger
Felt calm, felt no alarm
At the water flooding the raked bog,
The twilight turn of the land.

But sounds began to possess,
And especially at night, train whistles, bells,
Uncanny depth. Not winter alone
Nor death, nor a lone mind
Fulfilled that echo's promise.

Too knowing to speak, too near
Humanity not to desire
Confirmation, autumn's late huntsman,
Stoical now, precise of seasons,
Drew into range the eternal prey.

JOHN PORTER HEYMANN

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In Trust for a People

DONALD ATTWATER

GREAT BRITAIN is a tiny country. The total area of England, Wales and Scotland is only a little more than that of the State of Minnesota. It is a highly industrialized country; and it is densely populated, especially if in averaging the people per square mile one leaves out the large and rather inaccessible area in Scotland beyond the Highland Line. Consequently one of the national problems has for a long time now been how to keep the country as a whole physically fit for human beings to live in.

It is generally expressed as a rural problem, in the phrase "the spoliation of the countryside." And I may as well say at once that, put like that, without *nuances,* there has been some exaggeration, a good deal of confusion of values, and a certain amount of arrant nonsense. The problem is nonetheless real and vital, and the second world war has made it more urgent than ever. It is not simply the awful sprawl of the great cities, of which London is not only the worst but also the typical example; it is not only the real and proper need for mineral-gaining, for manufacturing sites, for large-scale holiday facilities for town dwellers: nowadays the most remote and economically unpromising areas are not safe from sudden invasion of one sort or another. One example among dozens: early in the war an upland area of fifty square miles in Wales was taken as a military training ground; and eighty farmers and their families were given a few days' notice to quit. Nor was their exile temporary. Those families will never be able to go back to their hard but human and happy life on that austerely beautiful plateau; not in our time will h-e shells give way to the flocks of food- and clothes-giving sheep that they displaced. Fifty square miles: eighty occupied farmsteads. The equivalent in proportion to United States statistics would be about 1,700 square miles and 1,250 households. An example of another kind: As a boy I spent many happy hours in a seventeenth-century house in the city of Canterbury. The house was most comely and comfortable, and full of magnificent woodwork. In the small walled garden were vines and an aged mulberry tree. A chain-store company bought the place, pulled the house down, and covered the site with a "5 & 10." (Years later the Luftwaffe pounded the 5 & 10 to dust.)

I have used the words "national problem," which perhaps suggest a general consciousness of and concern about the situation, and determination all the way up to government level to cope with it. Till recently, at any rate, there was nothing of the sort. In the characteristic English way, the harm that "private enterprise" of one kind was doing was left to "private enterprise" of another kind to try and remedy; and of course the contest was shockingly unequal—a David-and-Goliath affair in which a many-limbed giant had all the pebbles as well as the armor and weapons.

So long ago as 1865 John Ruskin, William Morris, J. S. Mill, T. H. Huxley and others helped to found the Commons Preservation Society, and followed it up in 1877 with the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which was concerned as much with restraining the unwise restorer as the indifferent destroyer. Since then there have also emerged the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the Scapa Society for restraint of disfiguring advertisements. But at least as well known as any of these, because the most spectacular in its achievements, is the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, commonly called simply The National Trust.

It was in 1895 that three determined people decided that the time had come to carry further the work of the two societies already existing. They were Miss Octavia Hill, a disciple of Ruskin and F. D. Maurice, a tireless worker for improved housing; Sir Robert Hunter, a distinguished solicitor; and Canon Rawnsley, a country parson in Westmorland. The National Trust was founded, and within three years had acquired three properties, whose variousness showed how widely the association hoped to cast its net: they were a modest four and a half acres of cliff land on the west coast of Wales, the fourteenth-century village clergy house at Alfriston in Sussex, and the Joiners Hall in the city of Salisbury. Today, fifty-three years later, the Trust holds over 142,000 acres in England, Wales and Northern Ireland (Scotland is looked after by a separate body), fairly evenly distributed and already representative of many phases of the history and many aspects of the life of the British Isles.

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The Trust itself divides its properties roughly into four categories. (1) Country, viz., hills and mountains, moor and fell, downland and wold, heaths and commons, woodlands, coastline and nature reserves. That one of the Trust's coastal areas, Baggy Point in Devon, was devastated by the American army we do not hold against you, for its neighbor, Morte Point, suffered as badly from the British army. The greater part of the Trust's mountain country is so far in the Lake district, where there is an additional 40,000 acres whose owners have entered into covenants with the Trust to control how the land shall, or rather shall not, be used. (2) Medieval buildings. These include two monastic sites and buildings, Lacock (Austin canons) and Hayles (Cistercians), and

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the magnificent fourteenth-century castle of Bodiam in Sussex. (3) National shrines, such as Sir Isaac Newton's birthplace in Lincolnshire, Wordsworth's home at Cockermouth, and that Lancashire farmhouse that was the home of Beatrix Potter and therefore the birthplace of Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddleduck, Squirrel Nutkin and their peers (I assume them to be nearly as well known in America as on this side). (4) Other historic houses, of which the largest and most famous, as well as one of the most recent acquisitions, is Knole, begun by a cardinal archbishop of Canterbury in 1456 and since Queen Elizabeth's time the home of the Sackvilles. It is reputed to have 365 rooms, 52 staircases, 7 acres of roof, 7 courtyards and a dozen entrances. Another estate is Charlecote Park, scene of Shakespeare's alleged deer-stealing exploit.

In 1907 the National Trust was incorporated by act of Parliament, but it remains a voluntary enterprise and receives no state subsidy. (The governmental Ministry of Works does a first-rate job in looking after many ancient buildings and other monuments of various kinds; but these are generally ruins.) Some of its properties are acquired by gift or bequest, others have to be bought, either through the generosity of a single benefactor or by public subscription *ad hoc*. Other finance is taken care of by donations, legacies, and the annual subscriptions of its members. One can become an ordinary member of the Trust for so little as $2.50 a year—but less than 250 people in every million of the population are in fact helping this noble work. That is, there are 15,800 members—but fifty years ago there were only 150. The Trust wll not take over any property that cannot be made self-supporting. In some cases this means that an endowment must be found for maintenance; in others, the property pays for itself, e.g., by agricultural rents, by the letting of a house, or by gate-money paid by visitors. This last figure can be considerable. In the first six months of 1948, eighteen selected Trust buildings were visited by over 70,000 people.

In 1945 B. T. Batsford, Ltd., of London (a firm which has recently established a branch in New York City) issued an excellent book on the National Trust. It is fully and finely illustrated and contains contributions by a dozen writers on various aspects of the Trust's work and properties. In this book the former secretary of the Trust, Mr. D. M. Matheson, says, "The founders of the Trust obviously envisaged their object mainly as a defensive fight against despoiling by 'development.' Other more 'offensive' aspects of the Trust's campaign have come into prominence since, though the public at large still thinks of the Trust as saving something from threats of destruction or development by some single and final step. In fact, preservation cannot be achieved by any single act." This raises a vital point—in some minds, *the* vital point—where such work as that of the National Trust and its associated societies is concerned. Much of the beauty of any civilized country is not due to taking thought, to deliberation, to preserving unadorned nature, but is simply a by-product of centuries of the life and work of men, men working for their bread and butter. The first thing in rural England (and Wales and Scotland and any other country) that must be "preserved" is the rural people. "Preservation" is a word of ill omen: to turn rural England into preserve for the thoughtlessly selfish, the babbler about beauty, and the urban weekender, to make of it one big public park, is to kill it, or rather, to pickle it alive, literally to preserve it, like a wild animal in a cage, a spinning-wheel in ye olde tea-shoppe, an altar-piece in a picture gallery.

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The whole matter is slopped over with esthetic chatter and sentimentalities. On the one hand, if people want electricity and radio and so forth, they must put up with pylons on the downs and steel masts in "beauty-spots." (Why not? Is the Forth estuary any worse for the Forth bridge? Or the St. Lawrence at Montreal for the Victoria bridge?) On the other hand, there's no surer way of ruining the countryside at its heart than by corrupting its people by assimilating them and their life to those of urban suburbs, by means of unsuitable schooling, commercial rapacity, doctrinaire social philosophies, and all the false values that these things entail. Far worse than a power station's buildings amid some piece of lovely scenery is the ruination of the life (sadly insufficient already) of the country people living around it; in our concern for the flagrant misuse of country we have to be careful about the flagrant misuse of human beings. (When years ago there was a fuss about the development of the coalfield in Kent—"The Garden of England"—I remember being struck that most of the protesting was about harm to scenery and the residential amenities of the well-to-do, a little about the loss of agricultural land, and none at all about the deleterious effect on the lives of ordinary men and women.)

This aspect of the total problem is obviously not within the direct concern of the task undertaken by the National Trust. But it is abundantly clear from the way in which the Trust goes to work and administers its properties that it appreciates that "preservation" is not simply a matter of maintaining the physical appearance and surroundings of land and buildings. "I have no great love for potted landscapes, and I shall join no society for Putting England Under a Glass Case,"

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one of its spokesmen has declared. The Trust wants its agricultural land to be farmed, its sheep-walks to support sheep, its dwellinghouses to be lived in. Its administrative policy steers clear of bureaucracy and overcentralization; it wants its properties to be used, and enjoyed by all, whether residents or visitors; but the so-called tourist industry itself is one of the things to be watched and controlled. National Trust properties are not to be turned into "beauty spots" and museum pieces: living things are to go on living, naturally and not "preserved."

The need to conserve natural beauty, writes the Master of Trinity (Dr. G. M. Trevelyan) in the book referred to above, "is not merely a question of preserving holiday grounds for masses of people from the town. It is also a matter of preserving a main source of spiritual wellbeing and inspiration, on which our ancestors throve and which we are in danger of losing for ever . . . spiritual delight and sustenance that [man] cannot get in the modern city, so completely divorced from nature. We are literally 'children of the earth,' and removed from her our spirit withers or runs to various forms of insanity. Unless we can refresh ourselves at least by intermittent contact with nature, we grow awry."

The Stage & Screen

"him"

THERE are two good reasons why this early e. e. cummings medley is nightly packing the Provincetown Playhouse: the first will be that the play is hilarious; and the second, that The Interplayers—the young company behind the production—have located an indefatiguable clown in a young actor called Gene Saks. Mr. Saks is at some distance from the *pathétique,* there is none of the lingering roly-poly about him. He's what can only be termed a long man and his quality (in this shindig, at least) is the sinister: four small, black, palmed revolvers on all occasions, and each of his pronouncements preceded by an outspoken ha! He uses mr. cummings's notions beautifully, has a marvelous faculty for leaning against the air, and can manage innumerable entrances with no perceptible exit at all. I must underline that I enjoyed him thoroughly, just as much, in fact, as he was enjoying himself.

However, to return to the focus of the hilarity, it is somewhat necessary to remark that the play—like all eclectic schemes—dates a good deal. Although not produced until '28, it is so essentially of the "twenties" as already to seem an honest period piece. The management has included in the bill a number of quotes from the critics current at the time and among these I would choose Dos Passos's brief definition of the play as "a very direct and vivid presentation of the tangle of one man's consciousness in relation to his love for his love." But I must certainly append to this Gilbert Seldes's acute term, "a tragic fantasy" and his following statement, "Perhaps the most astounding thing in the play is the fact that Cummings has expressed these tragic themes in the technique of the burlesque show and the circus" . . . In any case, what you get from the curtain's rise is a huge splay of expressionism, with a good many walking Attributes, a capitalized Doctor (see mr. saks), some bad art-dancing, unaccountable fairies, passengers, and shapes, all coiling around a man named "him" and a girl named "me" and adding up, I should say, to a fine amount of hoopla and perhaps the best escape-stuff on view at the moment. I should see it, I think. It's funny enough not to be only fun. (*at the Provincetown Playhouse*).

KAPPO PHELAN

Fatal Femmes

THE NEW movie version of the Carmen story places so much emphasis on Don José that the film almost becomes a study in the decline of a very foolish young man. Glenn Ford plays this dragoon rôle in a careless and callous manner as if neither Ford nor José were quite sure what this is all about. What it's mainly about is sex: the old story of the inexperienced young soldier who loses his head over a very beautiful and completely immoral *femme fatale.* He deserts and commits murder for her, and finally becomes a cruel and ruthless outlaw who considers life so cheap that killing Carmen seems to be the only thing to do when she turns to a new love. Rita Hayworth makes Carmen very pretty indeed, especially when she dances in her flashy gypsy costumes; she also makes her rather shallow, so it's no wonder that José is a little befuddled. The script, which stems directly from Merimée's novel, not the opera, states clearly "There's no such thing as one love to Carmen—unless it's one love at a time." All this is called, by the way, *"The Loves of Carmen"* and it has been handsomely produced and directed by Charles Vidor who surrounded his two leads with some good actors: Arnold Moss, Victor Jory, Luther Adler, Joseph Buloff and others who bring the minor rôles to life in a vivid way that contrasts with the efforts of the love-sick soldier and his gypsy girl friend. The good musical score by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco and bright Technicolor add considerably to this picture's mood and atmosphere. I'm still a little vague as to what this movie is trying to do; it's mildly entertaining, but Kipling put the point over much more quickly in his poem about the fool there was.

One would expect the French to handle this theme with a little subtlety; but *"The Room Upstairs,"* which was made in France several years ago and is first reaching our screens now, has about as much subtlety as an advertisement for falsies. Like so many French films, this one has much to recommend it: realistic sets, expertly portrayed minor characterizations and a sound understanding of the way people click; but its main story, about a hard-working, uncouth contractor and the dame

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he falls in love with, has been laid on with a trowel. What was really disappointing for me about this picture is that it has two of my favorite movie personalities: Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin—both of whom are grown up now, and should not act like middle-aged adolescents before a camera. The story somewhat resembles the Carmen story: the lady is a tramp and the man wears his heart on his sleeve until she finds his sleeve too soiled by plaster for her roving tastes. You're not sure whether you're supposed to laugh or cry at the tragic finale, but you are sure that *femmes fatales* seem awfully silly these days.

Although *"Marriage in the Shadows,"* an import from Germany, with English subtitles, also ends in tragedy and is about a very beautiful woman, its central character is by no means a *femme fatale* and her story has nothing funny about it. In a moving performance, Ilse Steppat portrays a famous Jewish actress whose career is ended when Hitler comes into power. In an equally moving performance, Paul Klinger portrays her leading man who marries her and hopes to save her because he is a gentile. The film's ending, which fails entirely to solve the problem, is its greatest weakness, but as a portrait of conditions in Germany under Hitler, the picture is excellent. Director Kurt Maetzig has caught particularly well the reactions of artists to the events in the 1930s and early '40s. I doubt if we could have made this film in Hollywood where characters are usually painted in black or white. "Marriage in the Shadows" is by no means a perfect movie, or perhaps even among the best of what will eventually come out of German cinema, but it is interesting for its portrayal of Germans as people instead of a series of nazi or Jewish or artistic types.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Life Catches Up with Mother Bell

LAST SPRING, before the United Auto Workers broke through the big business front with a third-round increase at General Motors, the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. refused to give any increase at all to its 500,000 employees.

Those were the days when the major businessmen were bravely holding the line against a third round. After the UAW's break-through, the round leveled off at 12½ cents, which still left American workers short of the rise in the cost of living, which was then about 12 percent over the year before. (A raise of 12½ cents represented around 10 percent of the average industrial wage.)

The steel industry was able to get away with a "no increase" policy because it had two-year contracts signed in a moment of weakness by Phil Murray's United Steelworkers. (It later repented and conformed to the pattern. This upped its wage bill about $170,000,000, so, quick like a rabbit, it raised its prices enough to increase the take by $640,000,000. And then blamed it on labor costs. This too was a kind of pattern.)

But let's get back to AT&T. AT&T was able to get away with a "no increase" policy because it reveled in the luxury of having no strong union around to speak for its workers. Which was no accident. Years ago the company made sure that it would not have a strong union. It instructed its subsidiaries to organize a whole mess of little weak ones. Company unions, in short.

Came the Wagner Act and all umbilical cords—from unions to Mother Bell—had to be severed. But still the unions lived. The reasons were many: the paternalism or maternalism, of the Bell System, the relatively good working conditions at that time, the conservatism of phone workers, the large number of women workers, etc.

Years passed and life began to catch up with Mother Bell. Since 1939 the phone worker has dropped from seventh to twenty-second place in the wage standings for major labor groups. From getting 18.3 cents more than the factory worker, he (or she) now receives over 15 cents less an hour.

Of course AT&T has continued to profit nicely. Consolidated net income for the first six months of 1948 was $118,369,097 or 50 percent more than 1947. Its *net* assets (excess of assets over liabilities) stands now at $2,860,000,000 (that was billion, not million), which is more than the *total* assets of any other American corporation. Within the past year it has received rate increases of $150,000,000 from state commissions, which gives you an idea how good these commissions are at saying "no" to this particular monopoly.

But there have lately been murmurs of discontent from Mother Bell's children. Last year there was a strike. It was badly organized and doomed to defeat from the start, but for four weeks most of the phone workers refused to go to work. And this behind the leadership of unions that started out as company unions, and many of which still have no full time paid officials.

The strike was lost, but for AT&T it may well have been a costly victory. Two dreadful things have happened since the strike, mainly because of the strike. The old loose National Federation of Telephone Workers has changed itself into a stronger, more centralized Communications Workers of America. Secondly, about 75,000 of the more militant, impatient workers went into the CIO.

Now a third and even more horrible thing is happening to Mother Bell. The CIO and the CWA are getting together, pursuing joint strategy to get their third round, and giving every indication of making the marriage permanent. In other words, one big telephone union affiliated with the CIO. As somebody said on some occasion in some Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Oh, horror!"

It couldn't happen to a nicer monopoly. Or to one that deserved it more. Consider the facts of life and how inexorably they operate. With infinite cunning AT&T kept its employees weak and divided. It then proceeded to reap the fruits of that weakness and that division. And then, which always happens, it leaned too heavily on the scythe. If it had dropped its employees from 7th to 15th in the national standings, they might not have noticed. But no, they kept falling, falling, all the way to 22nd. It was too much.

So now the CIO stands well to represent about 400,000 telephone employees within the next year or so. If another strike is necessary, it will be no haphazard, hit-or-miss affair like the last one, but as Titus Moody would say, a doozer.

Life is catching up with Mother Bell. And if she yields gracefully to the advance of time, she will be a better woman for it, in every way.

JOHN C. CORT.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

FRENCH LABOR AND THE GOVERNMENT CRISIS

Paris, 9/4 (CIP)—Demands for wage increases and special bonuses for workers are admittedly the primary reason for the fall of the Marie Cabinet. What is perhaps most surprising is that the principal instigator of these demands was, not the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor (CGT), but non-Communist labor as represented particularly in the Force Ouvrière and the Christian Trade Unions (CFTC). In other words, the labor elements most responsible for the fall of the latest Third Force Government are those usually considered most friendly to such a government.

The reason behind the action of the non-Communist labor groups is revealed in their attitude towards the Government slogan, "Put France back to work." The intent of this slogan was to emphasize that the economic plight of France can best be solved by increasing production. French non-Communist leaders expressed scepticism. The CTFC paper, *Syndicalisme* (No. 194), labeled it a "tempting formula if it means producing more in sectors truly useful to national life," but a "dangerous formula if it means an attempt at social retrogression by making the workers again bear alone the weight of the sacrifice."

That the CFTC tends to believe that the second alternative is the main purpose appears from its comment. "When they speak to us of production, we can legitimately demand if they do not simply seek to overturn the social gains in order to win the confidence of the powers of money, and if instead of seizing these powers by the throat they are not endeavoring to give them guarantees." The editorial refers particularly to the plan to increase the forty-hour work-week.

It is perhaps most significant that the CFTC article makes no effort to judge the effect of their position upon the government. The writer talks as if the power in control of the Government of France is immaterial. This would seem to indicate that the Third Force has failed to win the support, let alone the enthusiasm, of its own labor elements, namely, the Socialist and Catholic workers. But it would also seem to show equally that non-Communist labor in France is concentrating its attention almost entirely upon narrow labor interests, with little concern for the national consequences of its actions in the political field.

LONDON CATHOLICS COMMEMORATE DEATH OF CZECH LEADER

London, 9/3 (CIP)—A solemn Requiem Mass was sung in Westminster Cathedral, London, for the repose of the soul of *Rostislav Sochorec,* a Christian Democratic leader in Czechoslovakia who was killed by the Communists on Pentecost Sunday, May 16, as has been learned here with great delay. Rostislav Sochorec was a member of the Czechoslovak Parliament, in which he represented the Czech People's Party (Christian Democratic), as well as Vice-President of the Provincial Legislature of Moravia, and one of the founders and leaders of the Czech Farmers Union. He was arrested for the first time last February 23 when a Communist member of Parliament, Smrkovsky, denounced him to the political police

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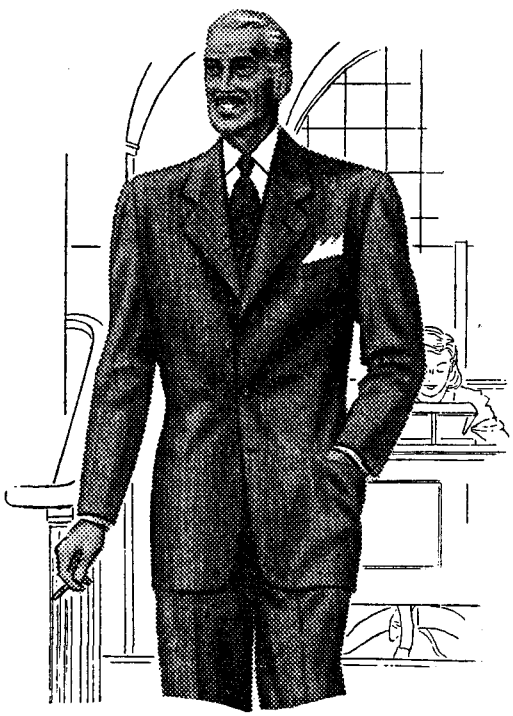

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for having opposed the Congress of Agrarian Action Committees, a Communist organization formed to "take over" the Farmers Union. Sochorec was released for a few hours, but then arrested again and taken from one prison to another. There was never any formal charge against him, and no investigation was made. Finally, according to recent reports, he was tortured to death by the political police of Brno, Czechoslovakia's second largest city, and was secretly buried at Stare Mesto.

EGYPTIAN CHRISTIANS WISH "INTEGRATION"

Cairo, 9/14 (CIP)—"As Christians we must become integrated into the national life of our country," *R. Habachi,* a prominent Egyptian Catholic, declared at a recent conference here. "For the Christians in our country, the best orientation is orientalization," *Dr. Boutros Cassab,* another prominent Catholic, declared in the weekly, *Le Rayon d'Egypte* (July 25). Catholics as well as non-Catholic Christians have become increasingly conscious of the need for counteracting the belief of many of their fellow citizens that Christianity is something "foreign," "Western," or "anti-national."

One of the reasons for this widespread belief, Dr. Cassab pointed out, is the preference of many educated Catholics for foreign languages. Although Arabic is their mother tongue, they care little for its correct usage and its cultural values and prefer to speak and write French, Italian, or English. The knowledge and fluent use of a Western language, Dr. Cassab stated, means great intellectual and cultural enrichment, but a foreign language should not be cultivated at the expense of the knowledge of Arabic. "By the word *knowledge* I do not mean a superficial acquaintance with a practical every-day vocabulary, but a thorough penetration into the genius of our language, its close connection with our history, its lierature, its authors."

The Christian doctrine of justice and charity, Dr. Cassab declared, must make Catholics aware of their duty to "be sincerely devoted to their country, to develop more and more their patriotic virtues, to give full attention to questions concerning the national community."

Taking up a formula used by Mr. Habachi, Dr. Cassab stated that the Christians must "care for the body and soul of Egypt." This means, he explained, that they must take an active part in overcoming poverty, malnutrition, and other social evils, and must work for a better education of the people, for an improvement of health, and for social justice.

PHILIPPINE BISHOP IN PUERTO RICO

San Juan de Puerto Rico (CIP)—Questioned about his impressions of Puerto Rico, where he is visiting now, Bishop Jose Maria Cuenco of Jara, Philippine Islands, declared that he "would like to see Puerto Rico independent like the Philippines." He told a correspondent of *El Mundo,* the most important daily newspaper here: "I do not see why this beautiful, cultured and progressive island should not be independent." When the Bishop was told that one sector of public opinion favors Statehood as part of the United States, he said that, in his opinion, this would look like a perpetuation of the Island's status as a colony. Both colonies were ceded by Spain to the United States at the same time, at the end of the Spanish-American war.

Books

All Your Idols. Harry Sylvester. Holt. $3.50.

THERE'S something about Harry Sylvester that's eternally right; and as far as that something goes, I'm for him. There's also something about him that annoys me. I hasten to admit, however, that the annoyance is probably all my fault—because I'm a newspaperman, and because I believe in facts and don't believe in opinions unless they're founded on facts; and because I believe a writer, when he ventures into the *Atlantic* for example, ought to be adroit enough, let me say, to insulate himself against misunderstanding. It's prejudice, I know; but this is only the beginning of it. The end of it is that Mr. Sylvester, the self-styled polemicist, annoys me. And yet I say there's something about him for all of us to be grateful for.

Here, for example, are fourteen of his short stories. Two have appeared in Catholic magazines; one in *Columbia* and the other, "All Your Idols," the title piece of the collection, in the March 14, 1947 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. And all the others, twelve in all, have appeared in other magazines: five in *Collier's,* three in *Esquire,* and one each in *Story, Scribner's, Good Housekeeping* and the *Western Review.* They have gone beyond the cathedral precinct, beyond the convent school; they have penetrated to the market place, they have reached the crowded street-corners, of this materialistic world. And all alike, though in varying degree, have carried into that world an awareness of, almost a preoccupation with, spiritual values; so much so that the story turns upon some concept of the spiritual desires of man. And, the world being what it is today, we ought to be very grateful for that. It's worth noticing that one of these stories, "The Crazy Guy," appeared in *Esquire* and out of a magazine like that was picked by Sister Mariella Gable for the second of her anthologies of eminent Catholic short stories.

But if spiritual things are dramatized in all these stories, it's big, brawny men who do the dramatizing. "We believed," says one of these, "in the Apostles' Creed, in the Holy Ghost, and in violence." And that confession of faith can be taken as the credo of them all. They are boxers, football players, bull fighters. They are tough; or they are tough as long as they keep faith. When that goes, they look tough but they aren't, and they know it. They can't come up any more to their once tremendous selves; in a crisis, they "can't make it" because something inside isn't there any more. "Hell," says one of them, "I'd gotten into fair physical shape—I wasn't soft outside. It was inside. A softness . . ."

Athletes, factory workers and at least one priest who can lay about him with a beam, they face life as an adventure and what comes their way they stand up to as men. Their lives, their problems, are very different; they march their various ways through different settings, and to each man clings a certain atmosphere that makes him essentially a man—and no writer can do more for us than that.

On two points I must set forth dissent. Implicit in some of these stories is a quiet assumption that college athletes enter middle life equipped with better-than-average endurance and good health; I think that would take a lot of proving and I've a definite suspicion it is not true, but whether it is by some slight margin true or false, I

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suggest that it is not an assumption a writer can afford to build upon. On the other hand, "The Swede," the second story in this volume, is quite obviously a portrait of Knute Rockne and—would I be mixing a metaphor if I were to say now that, really, this isn't cricket?

DAVID MARSHALL.

The World Is A Wedding. Delmore Schwartz. New Directions. $2.75.

IN SO FAR as authenticity means truth, these short stories are the most authentic I have read in a long time. They do not try to avoid the great pressures of the contemporary, but work within it and so mirror it faithfully. Though these pressures force the stories' characters into a narrow area, into a too close acquaintance with each other, they also make their divisions and their longing more intense. These human beings, whose thwarted destinies are carried from generation to generation, come alive through their own frustration. It is the tension between human proximity and alienation which gives the stories structure and reality.

With a deceptive spareness and formality of style Delmore Schwartz writes of Jewish middle class family life in New York in this century. His stories, moving from room to room inside the dry vastness of the city, show families divided against themselves, and individuals who, though terribly interdependent, will never know each other directly in love or friendship. He describes the search for love in these people even as they fall away from it, their feelings of guilt and self-defense even as they desire to be rid of them, and their resignation even in their frustration.

He shows considerable sageness in describing their traits. Occasionally the irony or disdain which he ascribes to a character is transmitted to his own style. But his understanding of them is deep, and not without compassion. If they do not find fulfilment nevertheless they cannot live without each other. Their mutual dependence and helplessness make, for these stories, life's conciliation against anonymity.

"The World is a Wedding" is put together with impressive skill. It builds its patterns carefully and quietly. In a comparatively few pages some of the stories encompass generations of family tensions and frustrations without apparent strain. But the style, though quiet, has a kind of muted eloquence which testifies even more strongly to this author's talent.

JOHN HAY.

Images and Shadows of Divine Things. Jonathan Edwards. Edited by Perry Miller. Yale. $2.75.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, the great Calvinist divine of mid-eighteenth century New England, believed that "Christ often makes use of representations of spiritual things in the constitution of the [world] for argument, as thus: the tree is known by its fruit. These things are not merely mentioned as illustrations of his meaning, but as illustrations and evidences of the truth of what he says." Holding this neo-Augustinian doctrine, he revolted against the restrained Puritan use of tropes and returned to the rich medieval tradition of typology, though under the influence of Newton and Locke he extended the method into nature and history, as well as reading types in the Bible. These "images" are the previously unpublished notes for a systematic "Rational Account of the Main Doctrines of the Christian Religion

IF EYEBROWS ARE RAISED IN HEAVEN

Newman's friends may raise theirs slightly at still another book about him being published—"What! Newman again? After John Moody's biography, and the new edition of your *Apologia* with Maisie Ward's introduction, not to mention all the other books about you published by firms other than Sheed & Ward!"

To which Newman might reply: "But this is the first book about my family, my childhood and my youth to be written by a Catholic, or by anybody who had access to all the letters and diaries and stuff my dear sisters left to their children . . . this is *new!*"

It is, too. Maisie Ward is one of those rare authors who really enjoy the research necessary to doing a good job on such a book: she spent six years on this one, **YOUNG MR. NEWMAN,** and the fun she had finding out what the Newman family were all like, what sort of a boy and young man Newman was, overflows into the book, making it unexpectedly entertaining reading. It is illustrated with pictures you haven't seen before, and the price is **$4.50.**

A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN SPIRITUALITY ($6.50), edited by G. P. Fedotov, is the first serious survey of Russian Orthodox spirituality to appear—nine long selections from the eleventh century to the twentieth, each with an introduction by the editor. All could only be Russian, and several, but especially the life of Archpriest Avvakum (one of the most startling old gentlemen we ever encountered), are both amusing and indescribably touching. We have sent a copy to Stalin and hope he will take it to heart and realise (if he hasn't already) that such deep spiritual roots are not lightly destroyed.

Why should Henri de Lubac, one of the best known of French Jesuit writers, be interested enough in that early scarlet socialist and enemy of Karl Marx, Proudhon, to write a biography of him? You must read his book **THE UN-MARXIAN SOCIALIST** ($3.50) *to find out.* In the meantime we will tell you that Father de Lubac thinks Proudhon a much better thing than one would suppose—a great man, in fact, for whose apostasy the quite appalling Catholics he knew must take a good share of the blame.

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Attempted," in which he proposed "to show how all arts and sciences, the more they are perfected, the more they issue in divinity, and coincide with it, and appear to be as parts of it." Such a reconciliation of the new science with Calvinism would have been the climax of Edwards' career, but the work was never completed. The "images" are supplemented by another unpublished fragment, "The Beauty of the World," which indicates a startling repudiation of the old stark Puritanism by one whose eyes had been opened by the new naturalism. In an admirable and searching introduction Perry Miller, the Harvard authority on Puritanism, sets these fragments in their place in the pattern of Calvinistic thought and culture. This slight volume affords rich insights into a major element of the American tradition. MASON WADE.

Postwar Germans. An Anthropologist's Account. David Rodnick. Yale. $3.75.

DR. DAVID RODNICK'S book is about people. He talked with some 1500 Germans during his five-month field trip through central and northeastern Hesse. He drew a lot of conclusions which are possibly valid only for the part of Germany he visited, which in turn was only part of the part of Germany which America governs today. He lived with, listened to and talked with those people for five months and because his book is a report on what kind of people they are, what makes them tick, and why they are the way they are, it is a very interesting book. Rodnick measured no skulls, nor did he administer any I.Q. tests. He is a cultural anthropologist, a social scientist. As such he is interested in the ethnological differences between the several cultures extant and extinct. "Postwar Germans" is an anthropologist's report, the like of which it would be well to have for Postwar Greeks, Russians, Chinese, Americans, Scandinavians and every other significant sub-group of the human race.

The properly humble and discerning reader will not be surprised to learn that Germans behave in a manner considerably different from that which our sparse data about them has led us to believe. Rodnick observes that the Germans are the victims, rather than the masters, of their environment to a much greater degree than are Americans. He has many compliments for the Germans as human beings, especially in his chapters on family life and children. "German culture rewards children when they act like children, American culture when they act like adults." "Once economic needs are met, such satisfactions as German adults do receive center around family life." Would that such a comment could be made of American adults. On the debit side are shown the strict stratification of German society and the almost complete lack of inter-class mobility. Rodnick registers a minus score against them for their extreme nationalism, which he says characterizes practically all Germans except the communists.

Higher-education-conscious Americans will be amazed at the estimates that only ½ of 1 percent of the working class goes through high school, that 90 percent of the entire population is unable to go to school after the age of 14, and that "no more than 2 percent of working-class parents urged their children to better their status through education." Balancing these data is the comment that "even in villages of no more than 500 inhabitants all the houses had electric lights and running water . . . none of

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the houses have telephones." Comparable statistics about the United States show that in 1940 over 79 percent of the population in the 14-17 age group was attending school, that only 17.8 percent of the rural farm dwelling units had running water and that only 31.3 percent of them had electric lighting. I think the quotes about children and family life are more meaningful in interpreting the German national character than all the available economic data and school-attendance figures.

The four main political parties in Germany are discussed with discernment. Reading from Left to Right they are the Communists, the Social Democrats, the Liberal Democrats, and the Christian Democratic Union. Rodnick gives the nod to the Social Democrats as the best bet from an American's point of view, but this sentence from the final paragraph in the book demonstrates that he feels there's little to choose from among the four. "The path to humanitarian democracy in Germany will be a hard one, however, as long as its supporters are so few and have so little prestige and political power."

DANIEL F. CLEARY.

Bridie Steen. Anne Crone. Scribner's. $3.00.
The Three Brothers. Michael McLaverty. Macmillan. $3.00.

HERE ARE TWO novels of Northern Ireland—the first by a new writer, the second by one already established. Mr. McLaverty is, of course, a Catholic; I think Miss Crone is too, but this is only a guess—a rather extraordinary statement for a reviewer to have to make about a book whose theme is religious bigotry.

Miss Crone, the newcomer, has written the better novel, if only because she has created one unforgettable character—Alicia Steen, grandmother of Bridie. In her are summed up, once and for all, the qualities good and bad of what Americans call the Scotch-Irish. Their stubbornness, their narrowness, and their Puritanism have often been delineated before, but there is a whole other side to their racial character that has generally been ignored. Nobody, of course, denies them vitality; it is the suppressed passion and potential waywardness arising from that vitality which have too often been overlooked. Miss Crone, aware that the loves and hates of the Irish-Irish are superficial things beside those of the Ulster Protestant, has at last redressed the balance in her portrait of Mrs. Steen.

Bridie Steen, offspring of a mixed marriage, has grown up a Catholic; her grandmother and her lover want her to revert to the faith of her father; that is the basic problem, and I feel Miss Crone's final solution of it is too easy and melodramatic. Yet it is a real problem, presented mostly in terms of real people. The conflict that has split Ireland in two is not primarily theological—at least to Protestant eyes. It is a conflict between two cultures, two ways of life, each bred in the bone for centuries. I remember one of my grandfather's old parishioners asking me would I become an Orangeman when I grew up. No, I said, I would not. "Yer grawndfawther was an Orangeman," he said, and for him that settled it.

Mr. McLaverty eschews inter-racial conflict entirely; his subject-matter is the struggle between self-love and Christian *caritas* in the individual soul. "The Three Brothers" is a more pedestrian study of this theme than his earlier "In This Thy Day"—a work of real beauty. Perhaps the lack of richness in the new novel is due to

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the spiritual poverty of the middle-class people it deals with; the peasants and fishermen of "In This Thy Day" seem to reach a higher plane even in their meannesses.

Lord Dunsany, in his introduction to "Bridie Steen," speaks of it as "one of the great novels of our time." Great it may or may not be, but the American reader will find difficulty in viewing it as "of our time." Its prose style, its conventions, and the life of which it treats are as remote from us as those of Trollope. Something the same might be said of "The Three Brothers." I am not sure that this lack of contemporaneity is a loss, for the absence of so many of our transitory material complications throws into greater relief the basic complexities of the human heart. VIVIAN MERCIER.

Divided. Ralph Freedman. Dutton. $3.50.

STILL THEY come, perhaps rightly so, those novels about war and its aftermath, which acknowledge by their slightly exasperated tone and by their grey, despairing mood the hollowness of victory. And yet, the creation of atmosphere, a variable, is only a partial achievement, for one still demands the eternals—plot and characterization. A new novel, that illustrates this disparity of elements, is "Divided," by Ralph Freedman, the winner of E. P. Dutton's Lewis and Clark award.

There are two themes that run through "Divided": one, is the American attempt to denazify the town of Kleinbach, Austria; the other, is the search carried on by an Army Intelligence group for a ruthless ex-Gestapo chief, who is hiding in the mountains near the town. The problem of denazification is so immense and complicated that one feels "Divided" would have been a much more acceptable and satisfying novel had Mr. Freedman concentrated on showing how the concept of a new ideal was accepted or rejected by those who had been nourished on theories of tyranny, violence and hate. This is what Mr. Freedman might have done. Instead, he vitiates whatever latent strength and intellectual purpose his initial theme might have possessed by making "Divided" an ordinary and predictable tale of adventure—an aspect of history that should have served as a mere dramatic fillip.

The essential weakness of Mr. Freedman's novel, however, lies not so much in the structure but in the characterization. Even the principals, Rosen, an American Officer, who falls in love with Illy, a violent nazi, or Horn, a victim of a concentration camp, who provides the inevitable climax by killing the renegade, lack sufficient depth to make them either real or interesting. One wants to know more about Illy's metamorphosis from love to hate and one wants to be convinced that Horn's action was not so much the result of an aberration, as it appears, but a rational act. If Mr. Freedman had been more concerned with motives, if he had been more subtle and subjective, if he had allowed the story to generate from within the minds of his characters, "Divided" would have been a more successful book. Although this is a long list of debits, Mr. Freedman must be given credit for conveying the feelings of doubt, futility and disillusionment—man's legacy from two wars—that is deep in the hearts and minds of both the victors and the vanquished.

The recipients of awards for prize novels seem to descend into some gracious anonymity after the publication of their first book. One hopes this does not happen to Ralph Freedman, although he will have to produce a more impressive work than "Divided" in order to avoid such a fate. LOUIS COLLINS.

Tall In Paradise. Albert P. Shimberg. Marshall Jones. $2.75.

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